Dear Dairy,

I’m going to put it in simple terms. No tricky equations or mind boggling algebra but just the simple plain fact.

I’m going to die.

That’s one question I can’t really solve. It’s one problem in my eighteen years that I can’t write out like math and get the answer. Because in math there is always one answer and there is always the right one. Trust me. I have spent literally my whole life trying to piece together an equation that will fit the fact of my upcoming death, but this time there is no set numbers and fractions. This time there is nothing to piece together my fate. This time there is not an answer. And that’s what is bugging me.

You see I could put my whole life together as a big huge, complex math problem. I’ll start with the dreaded fact of my cystic fibrosis body. It is the number that effects the whole life equation. It limits the size of the product and well, limits my time on earth. So first we have a low number, like I mean a really low number that makes sure that my product will not be any greater than 23 (people with cystic fibrosis don’t usually live any longer) and then we will add on to that low number. For instance let’s put my friends and family in my life math problem. My dad will be a prime number because he’s a one of a kind dad that is so individual, but he’s the most important person in my life right now. Then there’s my mom. Let’s put it this way, she’s a zero. She ran away when I was born with cystic fibrosis and right now does not play any part in my equation and never will (I think). Then there is the most important numbers. My friends. They will all be fractions because with all of them put together they make my whole circle of social life. Adam will be a complex fraction because he’s a nerd (but a nice one), and Melissa and Stephaine and Ashley will be all equivalent fractions because they are all so close to me and each other. And then in the equation I will add in Mr. Eccles. I don’t really know what type of number to put him in as. He is like me, sort of. He is on the verge of his heart stopping (in short he’s going to die soon to) and ready for his equation to be solved. All that I know is his number will be the number that will make sense of all of the equation because he has taught me many things, not just as a math teacher but as realising your future and thinking about the good things that came out of such a small number of years. Maybe he will be the answer sign.

And really I think that’s what’s been important in my short life equation. For yes my product might be small, but small products can be quite powerful. My small product has probably affected many others life equations. For I don’t think that something has to be big to be powerful, but it just has to be full of meaning full digits and fractions. And in the end the product will always turn out right no matter the size. Because in math there is always an answer, and only the right one.

Brianna P